

*The Historie*

Harry to Harry shal hot horse to horse,  
Meete and neare part til one drop down a coarfe,  
Oh that Glendower were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learnd in Worcester as I rode along,  
He can draw his power this fourteene daies.

*Doug.* Thats the worst tidings that I heare of it.

*Wor.* I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be,

My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of vs may serue so great a day,  
Come let vs take a muster speedily,  
Doomes day is neare, die all, die merely.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying, I am out of feare  
Of death or deaths hand for this one halfe yeare.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Falstaffe, Bardoll.*

*Falst.* Bardoll get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of  
Sacke, our souldiours shall march through Weele to Sutton cop-  
hill to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money capitaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottell makes an angel.

*Fal.* And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty  
take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Liuetenant Peto  
meet me at townes end.

*Bar.* I will capitaine, farewell.

*Exit*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my souldiours, I am a souer gurner,  
I haue misused the kinges presse damnable. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150. souldiours 300. and odde poundes. I presse me  
none but good housholders, Yeomans sonnes, inquire me out  
contracted batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the banes,  
such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the  
Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier, worse  
then a stricke foule, or a hurt wild duche: I presse mee none but  
such tostes and butter with hearts in their bellies no bigger then  
pianes heades, and they haue bought out their seruices, and  
nowe

*of Henrie the fourth.*

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-  
tenants, gentlemen of companies: slaues as ragged as Lazarus in  
the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores, and  
such as indeed were neuer souldiours, but discarded, vniust fer-  
uingmen, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuolced tapsters,  
and Oflers, trade false, the cankers of a calme world, and a long  
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged then an olde fazed  
ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue  
bought out their seruices, that you woulde thinke that I had a  
hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, latelie come from swine  
keeping, from eating drasse and husks. A mad fellowe met mee  
on the way, and tolde mee I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and  
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skarcrowes, Ile  
not march through Couentry with them, thats flat: nay, and  
the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had giues on,  
for indeede I had the most of them out of prison, theres not a  
shert and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe shert is two  
napkins tackt togither, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a  
Heralds coate without sleeues, and the shert to say the trueth  
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red-nose Inkeeper of  
Dauntrie, but thats all one, theile find linnen inough on euerie  
hedge.

*Enter the Prince, Lord of Westmerland.*

*Prin.* How now blowne iacke? how now quilt?

*Fal.* What Hal, how now mad wag? what a diuel dost thou in  
Warwickshire? My good Lo. of Westmerland, I cry you mercy,  
I thought your honour had alreadie bin at shrewesburie.

*West.* Faith sir Iohn tis more then time that I were there, and  
you too but my powers are there already, the king I can tel you  
lookes for vs all, we must away all night.

*Falst.* Tut neuer feare mee, I am as vigilant as a Cat to steale  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
readie made thee butter, but tell me iacke, whose fellowes are  
these that come after?

*Falst.* Mine Hall, mine.

*Prince.* I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

*Falst.* Tut, tut, good inough to tosse, foode for powder, foode

H.iii,

for